

THE LIBERATOR

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY
AT NO. 25, CORNHILL, BY
ISAAC KNAPP.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Editor.

Subscription price, \$2.50 per annum, payable in advance—\$3.00 in advance from the time of subscribing.

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VOL. VIII. OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD, OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE ALL MANKIND.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

FRIDAY, JULY 6, 1838.

ENGLAND.

GEORGE THOMPSON'S ELOQUENCE.

[Extract from Mr. Thompson's Speech at a public meeting in Bath.]

Why do we meet here to-day? To arouse the government by the clamor of fact? No. We meet to-day to put forth the hand of spoliation? No. We meet to-day to abuse and vilify our West India fellow-citizens? Nothing of the kind. We meet to-day to exalt one party, or to debase another? No. To exterminate, or to recriminate? Nothing of the kind. To subvert the interests of a section of the political world, or to advance our own pecuniary, and personal, and selfish, and sordid claims? Nothing of the kind. Never was agitation more holy. Never was a great public object lifted higher above the turbulent and corrupted atmosphere of party politics and broils, and contentions. Our weapons are pure and peaceful—from Heaven we have received them, and in the name of God we use them. (Cheers.) What is our present position? The people of this country are with us—the genius of the land is with us—the religion of the land is with us—for whether we enter into the consecrated cathedral of the establishment, where our thoughts are sent toward the West Indies by the beautiful and affecting prayer, 'that it may please Almighty God to have pity upon all prisoners and captives; or whether we enter the houses of worship of that body, a part of whose religion it is to befriend the oppressed, and deliver those who are in bondage; or whether we enter into the chapel of the Baptist, and hear the preacher when his prayer is most fervent, when his faith is strongest, when his heart is largest, and his prospects brightest, embrace the cause of the injured negro, or visit the Wesleyans, Independents, or Moravians, we find Christians of all sects, whatever strife there may be in political matters, one in heart, and one in desire, and one in their determination, never to pause in the path of holy freedom until the genius of Christianity, and law, and righteous liberty, hand in hand, reign in our colonies, scattering blessings upon all, of whatever creed, or clime, or complexion. (Cheers.) Are the West Indians with us?—They are, and all their interests are with us. Antigua is with us; Montserrat is with us; and Bermuda is with us: Lord Sligo is with us; and wherever justice has been done, the negro has been attached and grateful. Industry has abounded—the colony has been enriched, and the plantations have flourished. (Hear, hear.) It has been demonstrated that the cane can be planted, loosed, reaped, crushed, crystallized, packed, and exported, without slave-labor. Why are we, then, here to-day? (Hear.) Have we been negligent and inactive in times that are past? Nothing of the kind. The question has engaged the attention of the country for the last twenty years—it has long been foremost in the thoughts of this Christian people, and Canning, as early as 1823, exerted his splendid eloquence and genius in the House of Commons, in demonstrating the necessity of mitigating the horrors of slavery in our West India colonies, and of providing means for ultimate entire abolition. (Cheers.) In 1832 this nation was everywhere aroused—you could not traverse a district where the elective franchise had been extended—and in that year it had been extended to an additional two millions of our fellow subjects—you could not that year traverse a district, whether it was in the peaceful valleys of Scotland, or the manufacturing districts of England—whether it was the polite districts of the western coast, or the mining districts of Cornwall—you could not traverse a district in which you would not find every tongue speaking, every pen writing, every hand exerting itself in the cause of slavery emancipation. (Cheers.) Then again, during the second agitation, the country was roused to an unparalleled extent. We once thought it well if we could fill the Freeman's Tavern; we then thought it better if we could fill Exeter Hall; but in 1835, Exeter Hall, with its vast capacity, was not one-third large enough, and the halls, and the stairs, and the lobbies, and the lower rooms, and the pavement, and the middle road, and the region round about, were crowded with those who desired to be present at the meeting, where once was to be made known the negro's wrongs, and once again we were to pledge ourselves to snap his fetters. (Cheers.) Why, then, were we here to-day? Have we confined ourselves to mere declamation, and given no shape, form, body, or direction, to our movement? No. We have drawn together, and concentrated the wisdom and foresight, the sympathies and energies of the land, and these have been demonstrated in petitions, in meetings, in delegates going up 400 at a time to the head of Her Majesty's Government—in endless petitions, filling the arms, bearing down the table, and occupying the time of members of the House of Commons. We have memorialized the throne itself—the word was spoken to the females, and 690,000 strong they appeared in loyal and earnest address before the Maiden Queen of the realm, to beseech her to exert her Royal Prerogative on behalf of her unhappy sisters in the colonies. (Great cheering.) Have the members of the two Houses of Parliament been left in ignorance? No. They have been waited for by the lobbies—waited for before they were up—caught in the public highways—called out of the House of Commons—written to—pamphlets sent to them—in fact they have been arrested, no matter in what direction they went, they could not flee from the importunity of the friends of humanity. (Load and long continued cheering.) Were they rusticated at a sea-port town, they were found out—were they at the Melton Hunt, they were found out there—were they at Stroud of Tiverton, at Devonport or Manchester—(hear, hear)—were they snugly ensconced behind the green doors in easy chairs, and the mysterious arcana of Downing street,—(Much laughter.)—they were found out even there. They hope that pretty apologies, private interviews, and fair answers, would satisfy them—they were mistaken. They were summoned into the largest room in the Foreign Office, and there surrounded by 400 men, whose countenances would not be interrogated without finding the reply that they were true to the heart's core—firm as adamant, strong in purpose and in moral power, and that they would never flinch in the pursuit of justice until they had gained the substance and forgotten the mockery. (Load and continued cheering.) Why, then, are we here to-day? Why do any oppose us? The sympathies of mankind are with us—the



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'The Governor of this Commonwealth shall be Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy and shall have full power to assemble in martial array and put in warlike posture the inhabitants thereof and to lead and conduct them, and with them to encounter, repel, resist, expel, and pursue by force of arms, and also to kill, slay, and destroy, if necessary, and conquer, by all fitting ways and means, all and every such person or persons as shall attempt or enterprise the destruction, invasion, detriment or annoyance of this Commonwealth.' Constitution of Mass. Chap. 2, Sec. 1, Page 7.

H. C. W.

THE INDIANS.

DEAR FRIENDS:—Once have I spoken—again I ask to be heard. I am overwhelmed with a view of the injustice of my country to the suffering Indians! 'The voice of our brother's blood, crying from the ground, has come up as a memorial before me. I need not recur to the early settlement of our country, I need not trace the duplicity and fraud, with which our government and people have continued to oppress, to harass, and exterminate these rightful inheritors of our soil. Their history is before the world. And it is a melancholy reflection, that while nations, powerful tribes of Indians, have gone down into forgetfulness, have become extinct, annihilated, before the oppression of the white man. Was there anything which rendered it impossible for them to have remained with us, to be partners of the rich bounties and blessings of Heaven? We have heard much of the cruelties of the Indian. Who was the aggressor? Never was there before this nation a subject fraught with such immediate consequences to a portion of our fellow-beings, as is this of the Cherokee Indians.

Passing over the condition of the peeled and scattered tribes among us, and the harassed state of those upon our western frontiers, allow me briefly to allude to the distressing circumstances attending some of these nations. Already has our government expended an immense amount of treasure and of blood, in a harassing and exterminating warfare with the Seminoles. And what was the cause of their hostility? Our countrymen demanded of them their gold, which, when they were unwilling to give, by force or by fraud, was sought to be obtained. Pretending that some of their number were fugitives from justice, when they had fled from the strong arm of oppression, to find freedom and safety with their more humane and hospitable brethren of the wilderness, our people demanded them and their children, to make them our country's slaves. Driven to desperation, they sought the security of their own lives, by taking those of our fellow-countrymen. It has eloquently been said, we have solved the great problem, 'Can the Indian weep?' When the last effective blow was struck, and they looked for the last time upon the graves of their ancestors, aged men, stern warriors, untaught to shed the tear of grief, 'placed their hands upon their faces and wept like children.' In the winter of 1836, 17,000 of the Creek Indians were removed beyond the Mississippi by contractors, who, it would seem, cared not so much for the convenience and lives of the Indians, as for the gold of the government. They were driven in an inclement season of the year, poorly fed, poorly clothed, and their naked feet foot-prints of blood upon the frozen soil; while the aged, the infirm, and the sick, were left by the way-side, and in the wilderness to die. In the summer of 1837, 600 Indians were transported on the Mississippi, on a vessel which was considered unfit for any other purpose. By an explosion of its boilers, 300 of them were made the victims of sudden death, and their survivors left to lament their loss.

And who are these Cherokees, who have come before our country and the world with their affecting 'Appeal'? That document for itself can answer. There have they erected a monument to the injustice of our country, which will remain through coming time. They are the civilized remnants of a once powerful nation. They have built houses; they have planted fields; they have erected school-houses and places of worship. Many of them have embraced the Christian's hope; and 'after their manner, so worship they the God of our fathers.' All this has not secured to them the rights of men. They must, almost unremunerated, be driven from their congenial soil into an uncultivated region; there to resume the habits of savage life, and thence again, when it shall suit the cupidity of our government, if they do not miserably perish, to be removed still farther into the wilderness.

How eloquently appropriate were some of the replies of the Seneca Chiefs, in the year 1790, to George Washington, on a similar, but far less distressing occasion! 'Father,—You have said that we were in your hand, and that by closing it you could crush us to nothing. Are you then determined to crush us? Before you determine a measure so unjust, look up to God, who made us as well as you. We hope he will not permit you to destroy the whole of our nation. Father,—We will not conceal from you, that the great God and not men has preserved the Corn Plant from the hands of his own nation. For they ask continually, Where is the land on which our children and their children after him, are to lie down upon? He is silent, for he feels that among men, become desperate by the injuries they sustain, it is God only that can preserve him. He loves peace, and all he had in store he has given to those who have been robbed by your people, lest they should plunder the innocent to repay themselves. Father! Innocent men of our nation are killed, one after another, and of our best families; but none of your people who have committed these murders have been punished. These are to us very great things; we know you are very strong, and we have heard that you are wise; we shall wait to hear your answer, that we may know you are just.'

It is known that the agents of our government, failing to induce the Cherokee nation to sign away its right to the soil of its ancestors, framed a treaty, and bribed a few of these Indians to acknowledge the spurious contract. This the government has determined to consider binding upon them, while almost the entire people have twice solemnly protested against the validity of that instrument, and, under former treaties, ineffectually prayed for protection. Being oppressed by the people around them, and knowing they can neither safely remain, nor, without endangering their lives, be removed by Government, more than 15,000 of them have come a third and last time to their only earthly tribunal, again to protest against the enforcement of that unjust treaty; again, in the name of justice and humanity, before the world, and in the presence of the Supreme Ruler of the universe, to ask protection. Their urgent request has been again coldly rejected, in the face of our most solemn treaties with them. And these sufferers, when even upon their own soil, they can no longer find a resting place for the soles of their feet, still hoping against hope, still trusting in the justice of this nation, still confiding in the righteousness of their cause, still relying upon the Divine Arm for deliverance and protection, have lingered around the graves of their fathers, unreluctantly to suffer or to die! But the vials of this nation's wrath are not yet fully poured out upon them. It is written on the records of our country with a pen of iron, and might I not add with the Indian's blood, and it will not be erased, that their lives shall be the forfeit if they will not submit! Already garrisons are stationed, and troops

BOSTON.

FRIDAY, JULY 6, 1838.

WORK FOR ABOLITIONISTS!

ABOLITIONISTS OF MASSACHUSETTS.—

To the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, to call your earnest and prompt attention to the following statement and suggestions.

The following statement was adopted by the Executive Committee of the Society at its late annual meeting, on May 14th.

Resolved, That it be recommended to such state or other societies as are disposed to take the charge of the abolition cause within their respective fields, to take arms against the Executive Committee of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, to call your earnest and prompt attention to the following statement and suggestions.

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Resolved, That it be recommended to such state or other societies as are disposed to take the charge of the abolition cause within their respective fields, to take arms against the Executive Committee of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society

quartered amongst them, while a powerful army is in motion to enforce the conditions of that faithless contract, and take possession of their country. And it may be that while we are pleading for them, our countrymen are conducting the fearful work of extermination and of death. Can there be found in the annals of the world, more than a parallel to this high-handed injustice and cruelty? Under a view of these appalling facts, can Abolitionists—can Christians innocently remain silent? While they do not forget their 'sable brethren' in bonds, have not their red brethren claims upon their sympathies? Ought they not to speak into the ear of this Republic in language it would hear, and more forcibly appeal to their fellow countrymen on behalf of these highly injured and too much neglected children of our great Parent? that if possible, they may mitigate the sufferings of the oppressed remnants of the Indian race, and yet a little longer, stay the uplifted arm of justice, which is fearfully impending over our highly favored, but greatly erring country?

I ask thy indulgence. My hearing is full. I have remembered the treaty of William Penn with the Indians; of which Voltaire justly said, 'It was the only one that was not ratified by an oath, and was never broken.' But was to remain with binding force, so long as the sun and the moon should endure; and it is still written, though not upon parchment, far more enduringly, in the living hearts of them and us. This was his beautiful and appropriate language. This the only great binding oath of that instrument. 'I will not call you children; for parents sometimes whip their children. I will not call you brothers; for brothers sometimes quarrel. But I will call you, bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh; for the great God made both us and you.' I have not forgotten, that our forefathers, driven from their homes by the strong arm of persecution, a by-word and a proverb among the nations of the earth, sought, over the waters of the ocean, an asylum in this western world. I have not forgotten, that the ancestors of these suffering people, most hospitably threw open to us the doors of their wilderness; granting that protection we could not find under the government of a Christian king; entertained us as strangers from another world, who, under the guidance of the ministering angel of peace, had come to mingle with, and to bless them. And it cannot be, that when we have been taken up from the prison-houses, and have come to sit with honor among the nations, we should forget any of our suffering brethren, still confined in the prisons of affliction, or in the hopeless dungeons of despair. What would a Woolman—what would a Benet—what would the Founder and Lawgiver of Pennsylvania say, were they survivors to witness the injuries heaped upon their 'red brethren'? To see this brand of INFAMY, still standing out on the forehead of this GUILTY NATION in the face of the whole civilized world? But 'the dead cannot speak!' and as the representatives of these great and good men, are we bound to plead the sufferer's cause. Others may be silent—we should speak; that, when this Republic shall be visited for its sins, we may be guiltless of the blood of these innocent men. We must speak—that we may redeem the pledge, made by our fathers, to them before the world, that we would remain the friends of the Indian while the sun and the moon should endure. We will speak—that when they shall be driven wanderers into the wilderness, they may there be cheered and sustained, in their sufferings and their exile, by the prayers and sympathies of the followers of William Penn. Thine for the oppressed,

A FRIEND.

Of an excellent looking-glass for a certain class of moral philosophers. Come hither, ye hair-splitting sophists, ye cool, prudent, judicious, calculating expediency-men, and see a reflection of your moral features.—Ed. Lib.

A MEASURE OF EXPEDIENCY.

MR. GARRISON:—Believing that you are moved by a truly philanthropic spirit, and that you have sufficient liberality of mind, to grant those a hearing who may chance to disagree with you in some of your principles, I ask the privilege, through the columns of your paper, of calling the attention of the community to a subject which has lately presented itself to my mind, and which, I think, cannot fail to meet with the attention it deserves from the philanthropic of our land. From what I know of your principles, I cannot suppose that you will do much to advance my project; but may I not indulge the hope that you will at least refrain from any strictures which may discourage or disincite those who might otherwise be favorably disposed to it. Let not the difference in our principles blind you to the merits of the proposed philanthropic enterprise.

And allow me to state in the outset, in order to guard against misapprehension, that I am no pro-slavery man. I abominate slavery. I hate it as bad as you do, in the abstract. I wish it were never necessary; from my heart I do. But when our lot falls upon such evil times, and in such a state of society, that it is obviously for the benefit of all parties, that some should be reduced to slavery, what would you have us do? Disregard the interests of all? March blindly forward in pursuit of a shadow—or of something you cannot see at all, and in the face and eyes of acknowledged expediency? I am aware that you are the advocate of this absurd doctrine; and herein lies your great error—herein the people do not agree with you. You seem to derive your principles of action from some other rule than the simple and long established one of 'the greatest good of the greatest number.' You would overlook a measure of the highest expediency, if it chanced to contain a single wrong element, or form ever so slight an angle with the direct line of your moral code. You attempt to balance, and even think to weigh down substantial good and silver, by such shadowy, unsubstantial things as truth and justice. Do not understand me to speak against truth and justice. They are very good in their places, and ought to be more regarded than they are. But when they are permitted to usurp the place of policy, to push aside expediency and 'the greatest good of the greatest number,' common sense teaches, does it not, that they are clearly out of their place? This disregard of expediency is the fundamental error in all your doctrines—the unsound core at the centre of your writings. While you cling to it, the people will not go with you. They have too much faith in things outward and real—things that they can see and handle and taste, to exchange their good old doctrine of expediency, for your new-fangled one of *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum*. Now if you could renounce your strong faith in such invisible things as truth and justice, and exchange it for faith in the solid products of the earth—the real benefits of life, I think you would favor the project herein recommended.

You must be aware, sir, that emigrants from Ireland have been pouring into our free country for the last ten years, at such a rate, that we are now literally flooded with Irish population. You must know, too, that many of them are miserably destitute and vicious—and that multitudes are to be found in our jails and poor-houses. It has long been a subject of deep and fearful interest with the patriotic of our land, and the friends of humanity and good order, to determine how the rapid increase of this class of population could best be checked, and how the existing portion among us could be best disposed of. A plan has lately suggested itself to my mind, which I think perfectly practicable; and withal so expedient, that I am surprised it

has never been proposed before. It may have been; if so, I have not seen it. The plan I have to recommend is this. That the legislatures of the several States enact laws whereby all the Irish in our land, or all who have any Irish blood in them *derived through their mothers*, be reduced at once to slavery. Do not think from this proposition that I am friendly to slavery. By no means. As I told you before, I abhor slavery from my inmost soul. But circumstances seem not only to justify, but to call for this measure. We ought, as philanthropists, to adopt it. For just examine the project in the light of expediency;—this is the great test you know:—and you will perceive, I think, that there are many obvious advantages attending it—and other good reasons besides.

We know these people are here among us; and they are what they are. To 'colonize' them, or send them back to their fatherland, may doubtless seem to many as the most benevolent and *christian-like* method of disposing of them. But this it will be readily perceived, would be attended with immense expense to our country;—so great as to render it impracticable; and the Irish themselves would not be much benefited, so crowded is the population of the Emerald Isle already. They must therefore remain among us. This being necessary, I hope to show, by the light of expediency, that our government ought to reduce them at once to slavery.

1. First, it is manifest that the States have a right to enact such a law. Most undoubtedly. Has not a free country the right to enact such laws as are expedient? Surely no one but yourself, or they who adopt your ultra code of morals, will deny this. Nothing is plainer than that a free State has a perfect right to enslave any portion of its own citizens, when, in the opinion of its legislators, such policy is deemed expedient. Then, *a fortiori*, has she the right to enslave those who came, or whose ancestors came from a foreign land. And not only has she the right, but it seems equally plain that it is her duty to do so, whenever the expediency of the measure can be demonstrated. The right and the duty are plainly correlative, and both coincident with the right of enacting laws to promote 'the greatest good of the greatest number.'

2. The right of our free States to pass the proposed enactment being admitted, I proceed to show its expediency;—the duty follows of course. And the first obvious advantage of this measure that strikes me, is the remedy it would bring to the crying evil of immigration. I think it would certainly have the good effect to keep from our shores all the sons of Erin, and drive from among us many that are now here;—the law leaving it optional with them either to depart or be enslaved;—for even the most degraded of them would not probably relish the idea of becoming slaves. Thus our country would be relieved of a great and oppressive burden, and the danger to the morals, institutions and liberties of our free land, so justly apprehended from the increasing tide of population, would be effectually removed.

3. Further, consider what a source of revenue to our country, this measure presents. I am aware that this is an argument which you will not appreciate. You cannot. You have no faith in the substantial treasures of life—in solid gold. But the people have. And I am sure that this argument will have its due influence with them; especially at the present time, when every body wants capital. Now in some of our towns there are more than one hundred Irish families. And I should think, though I have no data which will allow me to be positive, that in many of the States, they would average at least ten families to each town, and five persons to a family. And allowing them to be worth \$500.00 each—a moderate estimate—a capital of \$25,000.00 in Irish slaves would at once be placed at the disposal of every town in the country. And allowing an increase of only five slaves a year from these ten families, at the price fixed above, we should have from this source alone, an annual income of \$2,500.00 to each town—a sum sufficient to support all our public schools. Then if they were placed under smart masters, the value of their labor above the cost of their maintenance, would afford a revenue more than sufficient to pay the salaries of our ministers, and defray the expenses of the civil list. Thus it is plain that in a few years, every, or almost every man among us, would become independent—able to live like a prince.

There might arise in some minds, a question as to the manner of distributing or disposing of these slaves. I would recommend that this be left with the county commissioners, or with a committee appointed by each town for the purpose. This committee would be able to appoint masters, 'who could get the most out of the slaves at the least expense,' and the masters should be required to render to them annually, an exact account of their proceeds. There would be no public expense, you perceive, save in the small item of whips, stocks, thumb-screws, and a few other such necessary concomitants of our system;—for we have plenty of land to cultivate, more than more than is now well tended.

4. Again, look at the benefit of this measure to the Irish themselves. And this is what, I think, as philanthropists and republicans, we ought mainly to consider. The interests of the poor Irish have too long already been overlooked by our government; and much as I abominate slavery in the abstract, I cannot refrain from urging strongly, a measure which cannot fail to commend itself to every benevolent mind by its near alliance to the best interests of this neglected class, as well as to those of our beloved country. The Irish themselves may not—probably will not be able at once to perceive the obvious advantage of such a policy to themselves. Why should they? They are most of them very ignorant and vicious, and think that freedom is a mighty fine thing, because it affords them a better opportunity for vicious indulgence. And very many of them having never enjoyed the luxury of decent food, clothing and lodging, do not know how to appreciate them. So it is clear that their feelings are not to be taken as the test by which to decide the point now under consideration. They are too ignorant to know what is for their own interest;—are mere creatures of impulse, and would as likely decide against as for their own good. It would be unjust as well as inexpedient, therefore, to leave the decision of the question to them. It can be rightly decided, like all other great questions of state policy, only by wise and learned men—men of enlarged minds, who can take in at once the whole field of human interests and political economy.

Now, Sir, look at our Irish population. A small fraction of it perhaps, respectable, educated, refined. A much larger, in our jails and poor-houses. And the largest of all, interperate, vicious, miserably fed, clothed and lodged. Many of them really suffer for want of food and shelter. They are indolent, saucy, turbulent, and the chief disturbers of public order and good morals. They are really as fit to have the care of themselves, and to go at large, as 'the lions and tigers' of a menagerie. They ought to be caged—shut—reduced to slavery. Their own good not less than that of society demands it. For there they would all be taken care of, for they would be among the black slaves at the south. And as to public brawls, and mobs, we should have comparatively none of them—none but by gentlemen.

The only question in the matter that presents any difficulty, and which I would say a word to remove, is in regard to enslaving *all* of the Irish—the respectable and educated, as well as the rest. In answer to this difficulty, I would say in the first place, this number is quite small. And second, suppose it was not, men are the property of the State now, as much as they were in the times of Lycurgus; and may therefore be disposed of, in the manner deemed expedient by her legislators. We may grant that it is a misfortune to these few, that they fall within the proscribed class. But may not a State require a few of her citizens to suffer to promote the greater good of all? Has she not the right to *enslave*, when the good of society demands it, as she has to take the lives of her citizens for the public good? Certainly no one will deny this, but those—yourself perhaps among the number—who profess to derive right from something else than expediency; and who would therefore take from government all right or power of passing the most expedient law, if a single unrighteous element could be pointed out in it. Government thus abridged of its inherent rights, would be a mere ghost of a government. Society would be plunged into chaos and barbarism. With those who hold the fatal doctrine, therefore, that expediency does not make right, I shall not argue. This right to enslave the unexceptionable portion under consideration, becomes plainer from its necessity. For who should determine, or how could it be determined, what degree of intelligence and refinement is exempt from slavery? Or who possessed the requisite degree? You perceive it would be impossible to draw the line. And to make a distinction based on any amount of property, possessed, would, if not so difficult, be more unjust. So it would seem equally right, and far more convenient and expedient to sweep the whole.

I think if this project could be presented to the minds of the people as it deserves to be, it is too much of expediency to recommend it, not to be immediately adopted. If it be expedient, as I think has been clearly shown, is it not the duty of our State governments to adopt it? If they can thereby improve their own condition and the condition of the Irish, are they not bound to do it, just as much as our Southern brethren are to continue their system of negro slavery? No one can reject the project, who has any faith in the visible realities of life, and is not wholly reckless of his own and his country's interests, and of the great principles of human government. Let the wise, the philanthropic and patriotic of our land, weigh the subject carefully. And if they think expediency a good and sufficient basis on which to rest the question of the continuance of slavery at the South, let them be consistent, and show their philanthropy by espousing the expedient measure above proposed.

PHILANTHROPOUS.

Stirring thoughts, tersely and energetically expressed.—Ed. Lib.

A VOICE FROM THE HALLS OF DARTMOUTH.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, N. H., June 2, 1838.

BRO. GARRISON:—If it be true that righteousness and equity are the stability of a nation, upon the verge of what a tremendous precipice have we been tottering, and how slight a concussion was necessary to send us thundering down to ruin. What fearful forebodings, what gloomy anticipations have filled the souls of the philanthropists upon both continents, who hoped that from Columbia should emanate a holy influence, which, growing brighter and brighter as it progressed, should never be extinguished until it had purged the darkest recesses of heathenism from pollution, and rendered this beautiful creation a temple for the great I AM. But this pure and ethereal fire, kindled by the Puritans upon the altar of Liberty, has been sacrilegiously wrested from its appropriate place, by the rude hand of tyranny and oppression, and been hurled with ruffian violence over the face of our fair heritage, scattering devastation and ruin throughout our borders, and sending up, from our midst, a cloud of smoke which has stupefied and benumbed the delicate and will refined sensibility of the people. And was there no cause for alarm? Was there no assignable reason why the pulses of thousands were quickened, and the warm current of life returned to the citadel of vitality with a swifter flow, and the hearts of many swelled and throbbed with mingled grief and indignation, as they thoughtfully contemplated the portentous and threatening aspect of the times? Let our crying sins reply, which, had they voice, and could they be united in one mighty peal, nothing could better describe, than the bold delineation of that terrific clamor, upsent by Satan's host, from the pencil of Milton:

'A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.'

Whenever, for the last ten years, from the pulpit, from the press, or from the walls of legislation, the warning voice has been heard, uttering, with prophetic tongue, the voice of remonstrance against the misshapen harp of iniquity, which, unrebuked and unabashed, have made their dens among us, from whence they sallied forth at mid-day to gnaw at the vitals of the republic, and to emit their noisome breath to poison and corrupt the moral atmosphere, whether coming in accents 'sweet as angels' use, or in tones as terrifying and startling as the crash of the wild tornado, the cry has uniformly been, 'Away with these croaking scoundrels, these birds of ill omen.' And has not this demoniacal spirit, unceasing in its efforts to suppress the right of speech, the liberty of the press, so rapidly spreading and insinuating itself into our strong holds of moral truth and rectitude, threatening to encircle the body politic in its horrid folds, told us that the imp of despotism were abroad? Have not the gales which have swept from the south to fan our own New England shores, been tainted with their dark designs? Have not the sons of the pilgrims snuffed in at every breath, an air contaminated by the vile minions of tyranny? Have not the dwellers upon the very soil, where rolled the storm of Freedom's war, been sinking into a lethargy which tended to political death? Have not the fine spun speeches and wire drawn theories of the enemies of equal rights, been lulling us into a false security, from which, perchance, only the bolts of Jehovah would arouse us? Let the convulsive throes which now agitate this Union, as it were with the gigantic tossings of an earthquake, let the hoarse uproar of craven and cowardly mobs as they have disturbed the silence of the night, carrying dismay and consternation to timid hearts, and, in one instance, 'unloosing the silver cord' which binds the soul to this earthly tabernacle, let the lurid flames lighted by Vandals torches, glaring horribly upon the darkness of midnight, let the postural decisions in the halls of justice, that have stained the sacred ermine, let the heartless preaching of him who ministers at the altar, with the price of innocent blood in his hands, let the frantic screams of an American citizen, writhing under the bloody scourge of lynch law, let the despicable inefficiency of the municipal authorities in our cities, let the dying groans of the murdered Lovvory,—let one, let all of these send back the soul-harrowing response.

Inconvertible facts have urged these truths upon every observer. They were the agonizing struggles of a giant, starting back, horror-stricken, from a dreadful abyss. Upon the issue, life was staked. With what breathless suspense and painful anxiety, did all lovers of the common weal await the result? What a

grateful relief was it to their aching hearts, when a few master spirits, stepping out from the rushing current, which was sweeping them to the vortex of desolation, jeopardizing all earthly tranquility, and life itself, unfurled, in the sight of a scoffing and jeering world, the glorious banner of Freedom, upon whose summit proudly sat the noble bird of love, holding in its beak the olive branch of peace, and having for its motto, 'Our country is the world, our countrymen are all mankind.' Their hosts have been marshalled, and multitudes are flocking to enlist under the standard of equal right, upon which is written, 'Liberty to the captive.' The deep-toned organ has pealed forth its warnings, and the watch-word.

'The hour of Freedom! come it must—
O! hasten it in mercy, Heaven!'
has animated every bosom for the holy conflict. In solid phalanx they now move on to victory. What do we not owe to those, who have dissolved the enchantment, which would have enabled the wily foe to have plunged the glittering steel into the heart of man, and, not throwing the gauntlet of defiance at the feet of any one, single-handed and alone, not throwing the gauntlet of defiance at the feet of any one, single-handed and alone, not throwing the weapons of carnage, but with arguments based upon eternal truth; a nobler and more efficient artillery than that in the hands of the bloody warrior, have beaten back a host of invaders, ready to defile our sanctuaries.

It has not been without deep emotion, in these remote shades, dedicated to Academics, that the rising of this day-star and its progress to its meridian splendor has been watched. And who could expect that warm-hearted and chivalrous youth could refrain from co-operating for the advancement of this sublime, this god-like enterprise? Although the iron heel has been raised to crush their noble aspirations to relieve those that are bound, in other institutions, it has defeated its own plans, and raised up mighty champions to fight for the dumb. But, thank heaven, as yet we are untrammelled by such shackles; no papal bull has been issued to deprive us of the privilege of thinking our own thoughts, nor monkish edict to prohibit the discussion of great moral questions. A precious shout from the tree of Liberty has sprung up amongst us. To nourish and cherish it, is our constant care, and we often assemble under the shade of its spreading boughs to concert and mature those plans, by which, with Jehovah as our helper, we hope to roll back into its proper channel the tide of popular sentiment in this State, over which now the genius of slavery presides;—and to offer our oblations at the shrine of Universal Emancipation. Our society is flourishing, and is invaluable as the means by which our individual endeavors are concentrated into one burning focus.

In concluding, we cannot refrain from an allusion to the noble and independent stand taken by the government of this College. Although having before them the example of institutions, who had refused to admit a colored American citizen, they were not swayed by so shameful a precedent. Within the halls of Dartmouth, we have such an one, whom we are proud to designate by the title of brother, and also a descendant of the former lords of the wilderness, to whom we are not ashamed to extend the hand of christian sympathy and fellowship. How unlike the tyrannical inquisition in other seminaries that might be mentioned. And shall they not be sustained in such praiseworthy deeds? The call is imperative upon the friends of freedom to uphold them. A discerning public are now making a favorable decision in their behalf, and there is now a prospect that in coming years we shall be straitened unless our borders are enlarged. To the retreats of science do we look for our future legislators, and if the fountain is pure, may not the streams which issue thence 'make glad the city of our God?' We should not have written in such a strain, when the sky is overcast with lowering clouds, were we not persuaded that a cause which has the Eternal for its ally, must finally triumph; that the flames which are now partially quenched under the smouldering ruins of Pennsylvania Hall, shall soon burst forth with resplendent lustre, to dispel error from every freeman.—Consigning its interests and advocates to the care of Israel's shepherd, who never slumbers nor sleeps, We are yours truly,

FRATER.

Exactly to the point.—Ed. Lib.

RIGHTS OF WOMEN IN ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTIONS.—THE QUESTION FAIRLY STATED.

In a very interesting communication, dated June 3, and addressed by J. G. WHITTIER to the temporary editor of the Pennsylvania Freeman, a passage occurs, on which I wish to offer a few remarks to your readers. It is as follows:

'Thus has closed the New-England Convention. The last day's discussion, (referring to the debate on admitting women as members of the Convention), whatever may have been the intrinsic merits of the issue, had, in my opinion, nothing to do with the proper object of the Convention—and a discussion of the merits of animal magnetism, or of the Mormon Bible, would have been quite as appropriate.'

This opinion, I consider entirely erroneous. I readily concede, that it is wholly out of the sphere of an Anti-Slavery Convention to take cognizance of the different theories advanced, relative to the rights, duties and situation of women, and I regretted that in the debates which occurred in the recent N. E. Convention on admitting women to membership, the general question as to the comparative equality of the sexes, was even partially mooted. But I contend, that the simple motion that women should be allowed to become members of that Convention, was one that might with the utmost propriety be brought forward, and that of course, the men who voted on it, whether pro or con, might give their reasons for the same, without being subjected to the censure of wandering from the business suitable to the occasion.

The following illustration may perhaps explain my meaning. Suppose a Temperance Convention held in the city of Boston, should vote to admit as members all who unite in the observance of the pledge to refrain from all intoxicating drink; and suppose that in virtue of this vote, a large number of colored men should claim seats in the Convention. A portion of the white members object; they state that the circumstance is unusual, almost unprecedented; that they consider the measure exceedingly rash and ill-judged; that they do not approve of mixing white and colored people together; and that, moreover, if these people are admitted, they may speak, and act, and serve upon committees, and thus subject the temperance cause to unnecessary reproach and odium;—they may plausibly state that it will be considered as an anti-slavery affair, and that people who have formerly been with them, heart and hand, will be offended and quit, when they see efforts made to drag along another cause in conjunction with that of temperance.

Now may not the other party bring forward their reasons why colored men should be admitted to their Convention? May they not declare their conviction of the flagrant wrong that would be involved in a refusal? May they not bear testimony to the moral and intellectual worth of the colored race? And all without being justly liable to the charge of holding discussions as foreign to the objects of their meeting, as discussions concerning animal magnetism or the Mormon Bible would be? I must confess, it seems to me highly appropriate that a Convention of any sort, should decide who shall become its members and who not.

While writing on this subject, permit me to allude to another circumstance. As Mr. Johnson's motion was accepted unanimously, as the Convention refused by a large majority to re-consider it, and as there were not in the Convention half a dozen members of the Society of Friends, I trust that the imputation of sectarianism will not rest upon the Convention in consequence of the vote. I honor the Society of Friends, for having recognized the rights of women as fully as they have done, but I protest against the assumption that the spirit in relation to this question that is becoming more and more rife in New-England, is part or parcel of Quakerism. Of the women who gave in their names as members of the Convention, not more than three or four were Friends. I simply allude to this, to show that however ill-judged, or sinful or shameful the conduct of the Convention might be, it was not at least, sectarian. I wished merely to point out what I conceived to be an error of opinion on the part of Brother Whittier, but as the opportunity was presented to me, I have thought it best to make the above explanation, that it may be distinctly understood that in advocating women's rights, we are identifying ourselves with no particular religious denomination.

After all, it is not by the action of Conventions or Societies, Anti-Slavery or any other, that the question of woman's sphere is to be settled. Each woman must decide her own, and the aggregate of the decisions will determine the whole question. The woman who thinks and judges for herself, who acts upon her own convictions of duty, and who relies, under God, on her own strength, will find an antidote in her bosom to all the oppressions to which the passions, prejudices or ignorance of the other sex can subject her.

A MEMBER OF THE CONVENTION.

Since writing the above, I have accidentally met with a number of the Boston Recorder, in which I find it stated by a correspondent of that paper, that the small number of names affixed to the protest against the action of the Convention admitting women, arose from the fact that a great many of the members had gone home or were not present at the meetings in which the debates on this question occurred. It would be well, could the readers of that paper be informed, and when probably nearly all the members were in attendance, the vote admitting women was passed. Of course, any one not present at that time, who requested some person to move a reconsideration at as early a period of the proceedings as he saw fit. It pertained to the disaffected, not the satisfied party to bring the matter forward, but they omitted to do this till just before the close of the Convention. I presume, however, that even now, any brethren opposed to the vote, can, through the Liberator, communicate the same to the public, and thus cease to be, in their own eyes, 'partakers of other men's sins.' Until they do this, notwithstanding all intimations to the contrary, I think we may be at liberty to consider each and every member of the Convention a participant in all the 'sin' and 'shame' that may be found to be connected with the fact, that in 1838, the N. E. Convention did actually allow women to take seats with them, and what is still more wonderful, did permit a woman to join in requesting ecclesiastical bodies to say slaveholding was sin!

As it is little marvel that with a few glorious exceptions, the clergy of New England stand so coldly while the claims of humanity and immortality are, in effect, denied to two millions and a half of their fellow creatures at the South; hear their language when women are found laboring in any other field and in any other manner than those which they prescribe and mark out, and in the mingled compound of sneer, and scorn, and false reasoning, a spirit is discovered that would deny these claims to one half of the human family rather than that their false and arrogant assumptions of power should totter. But let not Truth falter for this.

'The Eternal years of God are hers;' and as each one silently rolls forward, the fact that it will bring help and comfort and finally deliverance to all classes of the oppressed, is as true as its coming.

DOCTRINES OF H. C. WRIGHT.

MR. EDITOR:

I regret that I have not, at this moment, leisure to treat at length of the doctrines which our esteemed friend, HENRY C. WRIGHT is so zealously disseminating throughout this Commonwealth. That they are at variance alike with the principles of the New Testament and with the dictates of Natural Religion, and therefore wholly indefensible, I am fully satisfied;—and some of my reasons for this opinion, I may at a future day submit to the consideration of your readers. At present, however, I must restrict myself to an exposure of the sophistry of this gentleman, in his statement of the question upon which he is at issue with at the least, ninety-nine of the hundred of his fellow citizens.

The reader must have remarked, that Mr. W. invariably states the question to be, 'Has man a discretionary power over the life or liberty of his fellow?' Indeed, we rarely see a paragraph from his pen, in which the phrase 'discretionary power' or 'discretionary use of force,' does not appear in all the prominence of italics, or small capitals, or capitals. Now of this I complain, as sophistical; for his doctrines are stripped of more than one half of their plausibility, when this phrase 'discretionary power' is truly interpreted, and the real question fairly presented. The question, Mr. Editor, really is, as every reflecting mind will readily perceive, 'Have the individual and society a right to defend themselves against the wrong doer?' The right of self-defence is the right which Mr. W. denies to us. Let him deny it, say I, and let him disseminate his views as widely as he shall please him;—to this I do not object.

I ask in the name of fairness, call things by their right names—their popular names—the reader and auditor may know what they affirm, and what they deny, when they embrace his views. And if he refuse to comply with this very reasonable request, let his opponents in debate supply the omission and disavow the auditor, as I have endeavored by this hasty note to disabuse your readers.

A CONSERVATIVE.

RETRIBUTION.

It is always wrong to appeal to low motives to sustain a good cause; but the consequences of wrong doing should not therefore be concealed. I want to ask two questions—

I. Does not the character of a mercenary community, and the influence of a nation depend much upon the measure of its honor abroad?

II. Does not slavery dishonor this land in the eyes of the whole civilized world? The answer to the first question has always been that the honor and enduring prosperity of a nation go hand in hand. The second proposition may be denied by the pro-slavery partizan, but must be mortally assented to by any one who has recently crossed the Atlantic. Europe is a continent of abolitionists. Our adherence to slavery, and the tortures and murders and burnings which have been used in its support, have covered us with shame. The fame of our land has gradually decayed. 'The lip of honor is low in the dust.' When, in the recent commercial embassies, the journals of England were doubting the faith of our merchants, was not a sign of our degradation? And I now ask what have many of our merchants gained by the base lowering of the knee to the dark spirit of slavery? Only ruin from the South and dishonor abroad. Let this be remembered. Prosperity never crowns long the efforts of the soul-selling and self-seeking.

C. W.

ESSEX COUNTY ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

At the annual meeting of the Essex County A. S. Society, at Danvers, June 13th and 14th, the following persons were chosen officers for the ensuing year.

President, Rev. Gardner B. Perry, Danvers.
Vice Presidents, Ezekiel Hale, Esq. Haverhill; Gibbon Williams, Sandy Bay; Isaac Winslow, Danvers; Ingalls Kitteredge, M. D., Beverly; Christopher Holman, Lynn.
Cor. Secretary, John W. Browne, Esq. Lynn.
Sec. Secretary, Rev. Chas. T. Torrey, Salem.
Executive Committee, Wm. B. Parker, Salem; Bassett, Lynn; Thomas Woodbridge, Marblehead; Jesse Farnum, Danvers; Dyer H. Sanborn, Salem.
Treasurer, Abner Sangor, Danvers.
Auditor of Accounts, Wm. Chase, Salem.

The meetings were continued two days, and a variety of measures adopted to promote the cause in the County. It was resolved, that the County Society be the responsible to the State Society, for the collection of the funds to be raised, the ensuing year, and pay its own agents, and in short, do the work, in the County, leaving the State Society to expend its energies on other portions of the field. The general plan of action, proposed by the State Society, was recommended to the same societies for adoption, as far as practicable. That portion of the plan relating to County Societies was adopted with some reservation. It was thought that in some towns, the plan of generally visiting the churches, and procuring signatures, could not be carried into effect. These will make but one effort for the year, aside from occasional collections.

The Executive Committee were instructed to publish the proceedings of the Society in the county papers, as affording more general access to the public and throughout the county; likewise, to prepare and distribute to the citizens of the county, who feel for the slave, the most important topics acted upon at the annual meeting. This address, etc. will be sent you, as a future time.

Messrs. Jones of Philadelphia, Phelps, St. Clair, and Cole of Boston, and Ray and Remond of New-York, by their remarks and suggestions, added much to the interest of the meetings.

The next Quarterly meeting will be held in Andover, South Parish, on the 2nd Wednesday (12th) of September, to continue two days.

The following Resolutions of general interest were adopted, most of them, either animated and interesting discussions.

1. Resolved, That the principle of slavery, under all circumstances, is essentially and eternally evil, and productive in practice of nothing but evil, and is a crime, master and slave. That it is, 'everywhere a sin, and kindness the exception,' in the treatment of the slaves of this country, against the treatment of those it exists, though it may mitigate the evil, cannot change its nature.

RIGHT OF PETITION.

2. Resolved, in the language of a Judge of the Supreme Court of the U. S. that 'the right of petition to government, and that it is implied and cannot be denied, until the spirit of liberty has been kindled, and the people have become so sensible of its value, as to unite to exercise any of the prerogatives of the government.'

3. Resolved, That this right of petition, 'which is now trampled upon by the Congress of the U. S. and the servants of the people; but that we will nevertheless continue to exercise this, our undoubted right, year by year, and in the mean time we will petition to the people themselves, against the trampling of this right, not doubting that the appeal will be successful.'

AMERICAN COMMERCE IN SLAVERY.

4. Resolved, That the slave trade carried on from this country to the West Indies, and to the coast of Africa, and should therefore be regarded and treated as the people and government of this country, and the civilized world, as piracy; and that effective means for its immediate abolition should be adopted, and vigorously prosecuted by the government of the United States.

5. Resolved, That it be recommended to our friends to petition Congress for the immediate abolition of this detestable trade in American citizens.

4TH OF JULY, AND 1ST OF AUGUST.

6. Resolutions were adopted, recommending to our friends to hold meetings on these days; obtain addresses where practicable, and if not, to have meetings in discussion or prayer.

7 & 8. WEST-INDIES. THOMAS ARNOLD. Resolved, That the action of the Congress of the U. S. and the servants of the people, in fixing their apprentices, was confirmation from slaveholders themselves in favor of immediate emancipation; and recommending Thomas and Kimball's Journal, as a valuable source of information, and that the 'mass appeal,' absolute demonstration of the safety and goodness of immediate emancipation, were unanimously adopted.

CHRISTIANITY AND ITS PROSPECTS.

9. Resolved, That as we read the Christian Scriptures, their distinctive precept is, 'Whosoever loveth his neighbor as himself, doth well; but he that loveth himself, and hateth his brother, is in the darkness.' And we no where read in them, that we are first to inquire whether it will be safe to do as we do this; and consequently we regard as true to his christian profession, who first inquires whether he be doing good, and then whether it is his duty, but because it is safe.

10. Resolved, That all professed christians, and especially ministers of the Gospel, at the North, who hold slavery to be a sin, but refuse to speak distinctly in the spirit of slavery upon the freedom of northern citizens, which loudly calls upon us to maintain the right of free discussion given us by our God, and guaranteed by the Constitution of this Union; and that those who are so supinely passive, and who are content with the base bowing of the knee to the dark spirit of slavery;—and that when we contrast it with the conduct of Riner, we can but pity and condemn the one, while the fearless and impartial course pursued by the latter, merits the approbation of every friend of freedom.

11. Resolved, That liberty should be defended, and where it is assailed; and therefore we use our friends of the slave and the lovers of their country, to hasten to rebuild the Hall, larger and more commodious than the old one, and let it be lower, cleaner, and more like a Freedom man's Son, or free labor man's father.

their sympathizing friend and servant, Rev. Jonathan Curtis. The profits arising from the sale of this work will be appropriated to the benefit of the family of the deceased.

tf. march 2.

LITERARY.

From the Quincy Patriot.

MY COUNTRY.

My country! who shall sing thy dirge—
Or chant the requiem of thy fame—
Or gaze unmoved upon the surge
That sweeps away thy glorious name?
Thy soul with human blood is red;
The foe is shouting o'er the dead!

It is a fearful-sounding hour—
Yet are thy banners waving free,
And larks are singing in their bowers,
And men around them bend the knee,
Mid shouts of freedom ringing high
Above the shriek and groan and sigh!

A wail sounds o'er the southern plain,
Its plaintive notes are loud and wild;
It rises o'er the clashing chain,
A mother weeping for her child;
It is in vain—it is in vain—
She ne'er shall see it smile again.

Yet there is one who fearless stands,
Mid recents in the halls of state;
With glowing eyes and lifted hands
Pleads for his country, desolate!

ADAMS' name shall live and shine;
Thy country's noblest wreath is thine.

Yes, patriot,—on thy honored tier
A nation's bitter tears shall fall,
Tyrants shall start thy name to hear,
And men look up amid their thrall:
And Africa's millions bless thy name,
And grave on the brightest scroll of Fame.

A thousand hearts are beating high,
Nerv'd for the contest, stern and strong,
Firmly resolved to do or die—
A mighty and unflinching throng,
Ready to fall as Lovejoy fell,
Their lives for human rights to sell.

Yes, Lovejoy, on thy grave we kneel,
And blessings pour upon thy name;
And in our sorrowing hearts we feel
The rings of a patriot's flame.

We give thee to thy glorious bed,
Resolved thy noble steps to tread.

There is a voice on every hill—
Each cave and dell sends back the sound;
River and lake and mountain rill—
Each forest and each field around—
From crag and cliff—from shore and sea,
The slave shall be unchained and free.

And yet no bugle's blast rings out,
To call the hero to the fight;
No trumpet call—no warlike shout,
But hearts that battle for the right;
The tyrant of the south shall find,
This hard to war with human mind.

The smouldering fires, long still and pent,
Beneath a mighty mountain's brow,
Are kindled, and the mountain rent,
Sends earthquakes 'neath thy dwellings now;
Wake! ye are standing, in your pride,
On a volcano's heaving side!

Franklin Academy, March 10, 1853.

* With the exception of using carnal weapons.

THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGGNEY.

I heard the forests as they cried
Unto the valleys green,
Where is that red-robed hunter race
Who loved our leafy green?
They humbled 'mid these dewy glades
The red deer's untethered crown,
Or, soaring at his highest noon,
Struck the strong eagle down.

Then in the zephyr's voice replied
Those valleys so meekly blest:
They reared their dwellings on our side,
Their corn upon our breast;
A blight came down, a blast swept by,
The cone-roofed cabins fell,
And where that exiled people fled
It is not ours to tell.

Niagara of the mountains gny,
Demanded from his throne,
And old Ontario's billowy lake
Prolonged the thunder-tone.

Upon our Christianizing day,
Who gave the glorious names we bear,
Our sponsors—where are they?

And then the fair Ohio charged
Her many sisters dear,
Show me once more those stately forms,
Within my mirror clear.

But they replied, 'Till barks of pride
Do chase our waters blue,
And strange keels ride our farthest tide,
But where's their light canoe?

The farmer drove his ploughshare-deep—
'Whose bones are these?' said he;
I find them where my browsing sheep
Roam o'er the upland lea;

But starting sudden to his path
A phantom seemed to glide,
A plume of feathers on his head,
A quiver at his side.

He pointed to the rifled grave,
Then raised his hand on high,
And with a hollow groan invoked
The vengeance of the sky;

O'er the broad road, so long his own,
Gazed with despairing ray,
Then on the mist that slowly curled
Fled mournfully away.

London Forget-me-not.

FROM THE KNUICKERBOCKER.

THE STARS.

The stars are angels' eyes
Bright beaming from above;
Upon the good and wise
They smile with looks of love;
And kindly seem to say,
'Come, kindred spirits, come!
Offspring like us, of day,
Come to our heavenly home!'

Go out when thick and clear,
They're shining down at night,
And read that written sphere,
So eloquent with light;
And, if you feel free
From sin's polluting stain,
They'll so discourse to thee,
Thou'lt often come again.

But if thy secret heart,
With stings of conscience riven,
Advices thee thou art
Traitor to truth and heaven,
With calm yet stern rebuke,
They'll tell thee of thy sin,
And bid thee turn and look
On the dark scroll within!

CHARITY.

The blessings which the weak and poor can scatter,
Have their own season. 'Tis a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment drain'd by fever'd lips,
May give a thrill of pleasure to the frame;
More exquisite than when nectarean juice
Renews the life of joy in happier hours.
It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort, which by daily use
Has almost lost its sense, yet on the ear
Of him who thought to die unnumber'd, 'twill fall
Like choicest music; fill the glazing eye
With gentle tears; relax the knotted hand
To know the bonds of fellowship again;
And shed on the departing soul a sense
More precious than the benison of friends
About the honor'd death-bed of the rich,
To him who else were lonely, that another
Of the great family is near and feels.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DREADFUL STEAMBOAT DISASTER.

On the night of the 21st ult. the steamboat Palaski, on her way from Charleston to Baltimore, was destroyed in consequence of the bursting of her boiler, and the lives of about 120 passengers lost. About 70 persons got ashore in boats and on pieces of the wreck. The following thrilling narrative, by a gentleman of Boston, one of the passengers who was so fortunate as to reach the shore in safety, is from the Journal of Commerce.

I was awakened about 11 o'clock by a loud report, followed by a tremendous crash. My first impression was, that we had gone ashore, or had run into some vessel. It did not occur to me that the boiler had burst, and finding myself uninjured, I dressed myself entirely, putting my watch in my pocket, and taking my hat, and from the pocket of my cloak a light cap, which I put into my hat, thinking it would be of use in case I could not keep my hat upon my head. Before I had finished dressing, a person ran down into the cabin, exclaiming, 'The boat is on fire—come up and bring buckets, to extinguish it.'

When I reached the deck, I found that the boiler had burst. The confusion was very great—men and women were running from one part to the other—some calling for their wives, others for their husbands. On going forward, I found I could get no further than the shaft. Beyond that, as far as the wheel house, all appeared to be in ruins and in darkness, and at every roll of the boat the water would rush in.

There was one solitary lantern near me, and this I lashed to the ceiling. In doing so, I saw a person among the ruins of the engine, trying to get out, and moaning and crying aloud, 'gone—gone—gone—firemen, help me.' In a few minutes some one came to his assistance, and extricated him. This person, I afterwards learned, was one of the firemen. I then went aft again, and with some others assisted in removing some of the rubbish in the gangway, for at this time, I think, no one supposed the boat would sink, and we thought it best to have as clear a place as possible on deck. But we soon found this of no avail,—for the water was rushing in rapidly, and every one began to turn his attention to preparing something to support himself upon the water,—such as lashing settees together, and tables, &c. &c. A negro was discovered preparing something of this kind, and on being asked what he was going to do, said, 'I am going to try to save my master; appearing perfectly regardless of himself.'

The two quarter boats were lowered into the water—but when I do not recollect, though I have an indistinct remembrance of seeing one of them lowered by two or three persons. The boat now appeared to be sinking pretty fast, and I climbed to the promenade deck, (the only way to get there, for the stairs were at the forward part of the boat,) and there I found some 40 or 50 persons, many of whom were ladies. There was also a yawl boat which was filled with women and children,—and among them, Himself and two or three other gentlemen were standing near the boat to keep it in an upright position when the promenade deck of the steamboat should sink, which, as the boat had broken in two in the middle, it had begun to do,—and one end was already immersed in the water. For the purpose of assisting in keeping the boat upright, I took hold of the bows. The water was now rushing on deck rapidly,—and the forward part of the promenade deck sank so fast that the bows of the yawl boat filled with water—and a wave washed me from my hold and I sunk. When I rose, I found myself near a piece of plank, to which I clung; but this not being large enough to support me, I left it,—and after getting from one fragment of the wreck to another, (and the water all around me was filled with fragments,) I succeeded in finding a piece large enough to support me sitting, and took off my boots and loosened my dress—for my clothes were so full of water that I could scarcely move.

While upon this piece, I saw near me Mr. Geo. Huntington of Savannah. Here I mention what was told me by a person (Mr. Eldridge of Syracuse, N. Y.) who was upon the promenade deck after I was washed from it. He says that nearly all the females in the yawl boat were drowned at the time it filled, and that as the hull of the steamboat towards the engine began to sink, the promenade deck gradually separated, and when the whole had sunk to an angle of nearly 40 degrees, leaving the steam high above water, the promenade deck broke off a few feet from the wheel, and the hull completely turned over and came to rest upon the backs of those persons upon it (many of whom were females) into the water. A number of them regained the promenade deck, which afterwards served them as a raft, and upon which twenty-four persons found themselves the next morning in a boat which was picked up, and 7 were taken off by the sch. Henry Cameron. The remainder are said to have died from exhaustion.

After removing my boots, I remained quiet some 10 or 15 minutes, when I heard some persons calling out not far from me—and concluded they were in one of the boats; but upon inquiring found it was a part of the ladies' cabin, (the side,) and that there were two persons upon it, (Andrew Stewart and Owen Gallagher, deck hands,) and that there was room enough for another, and that they would take me upon it if I could get to it,—but that they had no means of coming to me.

I knew the only chance of safety was to reach it,—and I made a desperate effort, and succeeded, by swimming, and by getting from plank to plank, which were scattered all around me, in reaching it, and was pulled upon it almost exhausted. This piece of the ladies' cabin was then about 10 feet wide by 45 feet long; but in the course of the night we lost 10 or 15 feet of it, leaving us a piece of 30 feet in length. Upon this we sat all night, with the water about a foot deep.

The wind was blowing quite fresh in a direction towards the land, and our raft being long and narrow, made very good progress, and in the course of two hours after the bursting of the boiler, we were out of sight of the wreck. About this time we discovered approaching near us a portion of the deck of the steam boat, and upon it were Mr. Geo. Huntington and two other persons. They said they were all from Savannah.

We lashed the two rafts together with a rope which they threw to us, but finding that the sea dashed our rafts together with considerable violence, we concluded it would be better to separate again;—and we did so. Mr. H. wished me to take a passage with them—but I concluded to remain where I was. I saw then no more.

Friday morning came—and discovered to us our situation. We were out of sight of land. Three rafts we saw at a distance. They were too far off for us to discern the persons upon them, but they all had signals flying. Upon our little raft we found a small chest (belonging to one of the firemen, and which afterwards served us as a seat),—two mattresses—a sheet—a blanket,—and some female wearing apparel.

The mattresses we emptied of their contents, and with the covering of one of them we made a sail, which, with a good deal of difficulty, we succeeded in putting up, but which did us much service, for by noon we had almost entirely lost

sight of the other rafts;—and in the afternoon nothing was seen, as far as the eye could reach, but sky and water.

But our spirits did not flag, for we thought that by the morning we must certainly fall in with some fishing boats. We had also found on the raft a tin box—the cover gone—containing some cake, wrapped up in a cloth. This was completely saturated with salt water, but we took a mouthful of it in the course of the day, and found it pretty good. There was also a keg, which floated on to the raft, containing a little gin, but this was of little service, for by some means or other it became mixed with salt water. The night came—the wind and sea increased, and we were obliged to take down our little sail. During the night the waves were constantly washing over our raft, and the water at all times stood a foot deep upon it.

We sat close together upon the chest, which we lashed as well as we could to the raft, and wrapped ourselves up in the wet blanket and clothes, for the night air felt very cold, after having been exposed, as we were, all day, to the broiling sun.

We were much fatigued, and once during the night we fell asleep, and were awakened by the upsetting of our seat, which nearly threw us overboard. Anxiously we watched the rising of the moon, which rose some hours after midnight; and still more anxiously the break of day and the rising of the sun, which we hoped would disclose to our weary eyes the sight of some distant sail.

The sun at last did arise—but there was nothing in sight. For the first time we began to feel a little discouraged, still the hope that we should soon see land impressed itself forcibly upon us, and eagerly we cast our eyes landward, every now and then, as the sun continued to rise. And, joyful sight! about 6 o'clock, we thought we did see land, and in another half hour were sure of it.

Now we redoubled our exertions; we paddled,—we held up in our hands pieces of cloth—we did everything to propel our little craft, for we feared the wind might change and blow off shore, and then all hope would be lost; for our raft, we felt sure, could not hold together another day. As we neared the land, we found the surf was running pretty high, but there was a sandy shore, and we felt no fear of this, for we saw the land, and we knew that soon our suspense would be at an end.

About 4 o'clock, P. M. on Saturday, we reached the breakers. The first breaker came over us with great violence, and so did the second, the third broke the raft into pieces, but we clung to the fragments, and soon found we could touch the bottom with our feet; and in a few minutes we were safe upon terra-firma, considerably bruised and sun-burnt; but with our lives.

And grateful did we feel to that Almighty arm which in the hour of danger was stretched over us to save and protect! And it was only by the mercy of a Divine Providence that we were thus saved from a watery grave.

Respectfully, your obedient servant.

D. W. FOSDICK.

SKETCH OF THE LATE DR. WORCESTER.

[From H. Martineau's Retrospect of Western Travels.]

'The venerable Noah Worcester is an original. I am thankful to have seen this aged apostle, for so he should be considered, having had a mission, and honorably discharged it. He is the founder of Peace Societies in America. Noah Worcester was a minister of the Gospel, of orthodox opinions. By the time he was surrounded by a family of young children, he had changed his opinions, and found himself a Unitarian. He avowed the change, resigned his parish, and went forth with his family, without a farthing in the world or any prospect of being able to obtain a subsistence. He wrote diligently, but on subjects which were next his heart, and on which he would have written in like manner if he had been the wealthiest of American citizens. He set up the 'Christian Disciple,' a publication which has done honor to its supporters both under its original title and its present one of 'The Christian Examiner.' He devoted his powers to the promotion of Peace principles and the establishment of Peace Societies. Whatever he might be thought of the practical effects, in a narrow view, of such societies, they seem to have well answered a prodigious purpose in turning men's contemplations out on the subject of true and false honor, and in inducing a multitude of glorious experiments of living, strictly according to a principle which happens to be troublesome in its application. The number of peace-men, practisers of non-resistance, out of the Quaker body, is considerable in America, and their great living apostle is Noah Worcester. The leaders of the abolition movement are for the most part peace-men; an inestimable circumstance, as it takes out the sting from the worst of the slanders of their enemies, and gives increased effect to their moral warfare. Human nature cannot withstand the grandeur of the spectacle of men who have all the moral power on their side, and who abide unresistingly all that the physical power of the other side can inflict. The boldest spirits tremble, hearts the most hardened in prejudice melt, when once they come into full view of this warfare; and all the victory rests with the men of peace, who all love the name of Noah Worcester. Nearly twenty years ago he was encompassed with distresses for a time. Indeed, his life has been one of great poverty till lately. He is not one of the men made to be rich, or to spend his thoughts on whether he was happy or not. He was sent into the world for a very different purpose, with which and with its attendant enjoyments poverty could but little interfere. But in the midst of his deep poverty came sickness. His two daughters were at once prostrated by fever, and a severe struggle it was before they got through. Two friends of mine nursed them; and, in discharge of their task, learned lessons of faith which they will be forever thankful for, and of those graces which accompany the faith of the heart, cheerfulness of spirits, and quietude and simplicity of manner. My friends were not at the beginning fully aware of the condition of the household. They were invited to table at the early dinner hour. On the table stood a single brown loaf and a pitcher of water. Grace was said, and they were invited to partake with the utmost ease and cheerfulness, and not a word passed in reference to the restriction of the fare. This was what God had been pleased to provide, and it was thankfully accepted and hospitably shared. The father went from one sick room to the other, willing to receive what tidings might await him, but tender to his daughters, as they have since been to him. On one evening when all looked threatening, he asked the friendly nurse whether the voice of prayer would be injurious to his sick children; finding that they desired to hear him, he set open the doors of their chambers, knelt in the passage between, and prayed, so calmly, so thoughtfully, that the effect was to compose the spirits of the invalids. One now lives with him and cherishes him. She has changed her religious opinions and become orthodox, but she has not changed towards him. They are as blessed in their relation as ever.

Noah Worcester was seventy-six when I saw him in the autumn of 1835. He was very tall, dressed in a gray gown, and with long white hair descending to his shoulders. His eye is clear and bright, his manner serious but cheerful. His evening meal was on the table, and he invited us to partake with the same grace with which he offered his harder fare to the guests of former years. He lives at Brighton, a short

distance from Boston, where his daughter manages the post-office, by which their humble wants are supplied. He had lately published, and he now presented me with his 'Last Thoughts' on some religious subjects which had long engaged his meditations. I hope his serene old age may yet be prolonged, glad to see him old and eloquent to the world.'

PETITION FOR THE PARDON OF ABNER KNEELAND.

To his Excellency, the Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts:

The undersigned respectfully represent, that they are informed, that Abner Kneeland, of the city of Boston, has been found guilty of the crime of blasphemy, for having published, in a certain newspaper called the Boston Investigator, his disbelief in the existence of God, in the following words:

'Universalists believe in a God which I do not; but believe that their God, with all his moral attributes, (as far as nature itself) is nothing more than a chimera of their own imagination.'

Your petitioners have learned, by an examination of the record and documents in the case, made by one of their number, that the conviction of said Kneeland proceeded on the ground above stated. For though the indictment originally included two other publications, one of a highly irreverent, and the other of a grossly indecent character; yet, it appears by the report, that at the trial, the prosecuting officer mainly relied on the sentence above quoted, and that the Judge who tried the case confined his charge wholly to stating the legal construction of its terms, and the law applicable to it.

In these circumstances, the undersigned respectfully pray, that your Excellency will grant to said Kneeland an unconditional pardon, for the offence of which he has been adjudged guilty. And they ask this, not from any sympathy with the convicted individual, who is personally unknown to most or all of them; nor from any approbation of the doctrines professed by him, which are believed by your petitioners to be as pernicious and degrading as they are false; but

Because the punishment proposed to be inflicted is believed to be at variance with the spirit of our institutions and our age, and with the soundest expiations of those civil and religious rights which are at once founded in our nature, and guaranteed by the Constitutions of the United States and this Commonwealth;

Because the freedom of speech and the press is the chief instrument of the progress of truth and of social improvements, and is never to be restrained by legislation, except when it invades the rights of others, or instigates to specific crimes;

Because, if opinion is to be subjected to penalties, it is impossible to determine where punishment shall stop; there being few or no opinions, in which an adverse party may not see threatening of ruin to the state;

Because truths essential to the existence of society must be so palpable as to need no protection from the magistrate;

Because the assumption by government of a right to prescribe or repress opinions has been the ground of the grossest deprivations of religion, and of the most grinding despotisms;

Because religion needs no support from penal law, and is grossly dishonored by interpositions for its defence, which imply that it cannot be trusted to its own strength and to the weapons of reason and persuasion in the hands of its friends;

Because, by punishing infidel opinions, we shake one of the strongest foundations of faith, namely, the evidence which arises to religion from the fact, that it stands firm and gathers strength amidst the severest and most unfettered investigations of its claims;

Because error of opinion is never so dangerous, as when goaded into fanaticism by persecution, or driven by threatenings to the use of secret arts;

Because it is well known, that the most licentious opinions have, by a natural reaction, sprung up in countries, where the laws have imposed severest restraint on thought and discussion;

Because the influence of hateful doctrines is often propagated by the sympathy which legal severities awaken towards their supporters;

Because we are unwilling that a man, whose unhappy course has drawn on him general disapprobation, should, by a sentence of the law, be exalted into a martyr, or become identified with the sacred cause of freedom; and lastly,

Because we regard with filial jealousy the honor of this Commonwealth, and are unwilling that it should be exposed to reproach, as clinging obstinately to illiberal principles, which the most enlightened minds have exploded.

A FEW QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS FOR A CERTAIN CLASS TO CONSIDER.

Q. Who is horror-stricken at the word Amalgamation?

A. The pro-slavery party.

Q. Who practices Amalgamation?

A. The pro-slavery party.

Q. Have you any proof of this?

A. Yes: 'Go to the south'—there you will find more than 500,000 living witnesses of this fact. Why, the colonization society, it is said, cannot expatriate the increase occasioned by members of congress, governors, &c., while R. M. Johnson, V. P., and D. R. Porter, candidate for governor of Pennsylvania, are notorious for this practice.

Q. Who talks so hard about incendiarianism?

A. The pro-slavery party.

Q. Who burns houses, &c.?

A. The pro-slavery party.

Q. Have you any proof?

A. Yes: 'Go to the south'—look at the burning of the contents of the mails in Charleston, S. C.—the burning of a negro at St. Louis, Mo.—immolation of Mr. Breckenridge's pamphlet in Petersburg, Va.—the firing of the warehouse in Alton, Ill.—and, lastly, the great conflagration in Philadelphia.

Q. Who cries out, murder, should the slaves be freed?

A. The pro-slavery party.

Q. Who practices it?

A. The pro-slavery party.

Q. Have you any proof of this?

A. Yes: 'Go to the south'—many slaves are murdered annually—see the attempted murder of Hopper—and the tragedy of Lovejoy, &c.

Q. Who is amazed and concerned about adultery?

A. The pro-slavery party.

Q. Who practices it?

A. The pro-slavery party.

Q. Is there any proof of this?

A. Yes: 'Go to the south'—see 2,500,000 slaves robbed of their earnings, and of even their souls and bodies—starved, denuded and whipped to death, almost, and just permitted to linger out a most miserable existence.

Q. Who practices the 'stop thief' party, as facts amply prove, which are deduced from their own conduct.—New Lisbon, (Ohio) Aurora.

REJECTION OF THE SEC-TREASURY BILL. The sub-treasury bill was rejected in the House of Representatives on the 25th ult. by a vote of 125 to 111.

From the Maine Advocate of Freedom.

ANTI-SLAVERY SUGAR.

In our recent visit to Livermore, a valued friend, with whom we put up for a night, presented an admirable article which he called Anti-Slavery Sugar. It was made from the sap of the maple from his own farm. It was far superior to much of the sugar produced by slave labor, and equally as pleasant, when used in tea or coffee, if not more so. Our friend has just made about 70 pounds, which is now in a fine state for the use of his own family in the present year, and also a barrel of molasses which is far superior to any thing of the kind we have ever seen, being about the color and thickness of well strained honey. The Anti-Slavery principles of our friend led him to make the experiment, which, if they are without profit to a Georgian slaveholder, are of great value to our friend's family, besides relieving their minds from the painful reflection at every meal, that they are consuming the products of unrequited toil and labor.

AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.—The Boston Courier gives the following shocking incident concerning one of the captured slave ships which left Africa with 442 slaves:

Sickness was general among them on the voyage. The captain, by name Collingwood, pretended to be short of water, called his officers together, and said, 'If the slaves die of a natural death, it would be the loss of the owners of the ship; but if they were thrown alive into the sea, it would be the loss of the underwriters!' and he argued that it would not be so cruel to throw the poor sick wretches into the sea, as to suffer them to linger out a few days, under the disorders with which they were afflicted. The mate objected as there was no present want of water; but the captain prevailed, and he caused to be picked out from the ship's cargo 133 slaves, who were, by his orders, thrown alive into the sea with fetters on them!

METHODIST ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING.

A Convention of the Ministers and Members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, finically to the cause of immediate emancipation, was held in Utica, N. Y. on the 2nd and 3d days of May. The members numbered two hundred, representing twelve annual conferences viz:—New England, New Hampshire, Maine, New York, Philadelphia, Troy, Oneida, Black River, Genesee, Erie, Michigan and Baltimore. The New Jersey, Pittsburgh, Ohio and Illinois conferences were represented by communications. Communications were addressed to the Convention signed by six hundred names, 'mostly,' says Zion's Watchman, 'traveling and local preachers, and official members of the church.'

The Rev. Jared Perkins, of Portsmouth, N. H. was President. The Convention is represented as having been exceedingly interesting, and calculated to have an important effect upon the whole denomination.

MONK OF A PATRIOT. William Johnson, the leader of a party of marauders in Canada, seems to be, from all accounts, admirably designed by character, and fitted by education and habit, for the enterprises in which he is now engaged. Hardly bold and resolute, he recklessly pursues the objects he has in view. He professes to be well aware of the perils he encounters, acknowledges the despatch of his cause, and avows the belief that he will not be taken alive, and has notified those who are on the search for him, that they must bring their collars with them. He is literally armed 'cap a pie,' carries six pistols about his person, a repeating rifle, dirk and bowie knife. His row boat is nearly forty feet in length, made of wild cedar, has eight oars, and exceeds in speed, on trial, the fastest steamboat on the Lake. He declares that he is at war with the Queen of Great Britain, and that he has received from her Canadian subjects, that his warfare is honorable, and that he acts under a commission received from the Patriot government.

The Capture of Six Slave Vessels.—The Bermuda Gazette of the 25th of May contains a notice of the arrival at Hamilton of his Majesty's ship Pearl, commanded by Lord Paget, having in charge two slave vessels captured by the Pearl, toward the close of April—one was the brig Diligent, captured after a chase of sixteen hours. She had on board four hundred and eighty slaves, besides a crew of forty-five men—forty of the poor slaves had died on the passage. The other was the ship Opposition, and was captured the same day. She had, however, previously landed her slaves on the south side of Cuba.

Another slave, the brig Camoens, with five hundred and eighty slaves, had been captured by the British armed schooner Sappho.

The schooner Benjamin Gaither, Conover, arrived last evening from Chazotte, reports that on the 23d of May, when off Boner, F. I. fell in with and was boarded by H. B. Snake, which reported that she had captured two slave vessels, which were bound for the Havana—the Matilda and Arrogant.

DISTRESSING OCCURRENCE. We learn from the Lowell Courier, that on Sunday last, a child of Mr. Abraham Bickford, of that city, aged 20 months, was discovered, between the hours of nine and ten in the morning, to be playing with a quantity of percussion caps. But little was thought of the occurrence, until, at the expiration of about two hours, the child was seized with vomiting, and threw up one cap. An emetic being administered, three more were discharged from the stomach. No relief, however, was afforded, and the little sufferer continued to be distressed with nausea and vomiting, the extremities gradually became cold, and at seven o'clock in the evening death terminated the scene. On the next morning an examination of the body was made, and in the stomach were found twenty-one percussion caps, and twelve in the small intestines. These, altogether with the four thrown off before death, made thirty-seven swallowed by the child.

Pennsylvania Hall.—In the cases of Samuel Yeager and Edgar Kimney, charged with aiding in the destruction of the Pennsylvania Hall, the Attorney General applied to the Judges of the four courts yesterday, to certify the recognizances to the next Oyer and Terminer, to meet in September. The Court, by the President, Judge Todd, expressing a doubt as to the validity of such certificates, and the regularity of the course, the defendants were called, and, answering, were on motion of the Attorney General directed to enter into new recognizances, to appear at the Oyer and Terminer. Edgar Kimney, in default of bail, was committed. No action was taken in Yeager's case, the Attorney General agreeing to allow time to the defendant to communicate with his bail.—U. S. Gazette.

DREADFUL FAMINE IN INDIA. The overland despatch from India, had arrived at London. The accounts of the progress of the famine in the western provinces of India are most horrible. The inhabitants of the Agra and Oude districts are perishing by thousands, and of the intolerable evils arising from the dead bodies surrounding the station. A small river, near Cawnpore, is said to be literally clogged with the corpses of the multitudes starved to death. A relief fund has been opened in Calcutta, and the reports of March the subscriptions amounted to above 40,000 rupees.

SUGAR IN THE FRENCH WEST INDIES. In order to encourage the cultivation of the best root sugar in France, the government of that country has laid a duty so heavy upon that imported from the French West India Islands, that the planters have been obliged to relinquish the cultivation of the sugar cane, and are turning their attention to cotton. Large orders have recently been received at N. Y. city from the planters, for roller cotton guns.—Zion's Herald.

TREATY OF LIMITS WITH TEXAS. It appears from certain letters of Mr. Yell, the Representative of Arkansas, published in the Arkansas Gazette of May 30, that a treaty has been concluded with the Republic